

Goe base Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mares,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
Which (all too-much) I haue bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And *Silvia* is my selfe: banisht from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if *Silvia* be not seene?
What ioy is ioy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed vpon the shadow of perfection,
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
Vnlesse I looke on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.

La. So-hough, So-hough

Pro. What see'st thou?

La. Him we goe to finde,

There's not a haire on's head, but it's a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither,

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

La. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

La. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbear.

La. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirha, I say forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My eares are stopt, & cannot heare good newes,
So much of bad already hath possesst them.

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, vn-tunable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
Hath shee forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* haue forsworne me,
What is your newes?

La. Sir, there is a proclamation, y you are vanished,
Pro. That thou art banisht'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfet,
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banisht'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome

(Which vn-reuerst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish seete she tenderd,
With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor siluer-shedding teares
Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: vnles the next word that thou speakest
Haue some malignant power vpon my life:
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue:
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now serues not to expostulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'st *Silvia* (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou see'st my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate.

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. Oh my deere *Silvia*; haplesse *Valentine*.

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue
the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but
that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now
that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a
Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who
'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I
will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
not a maid: for shee hath had Gosips: yet 'tis a maid,
for she is her Masters maid, and serues for wages. Shee
hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is
much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Cate-log of her
Condition. *Inprimis*. Shee can fetch and carry: why
a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but
onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Iade. *Item*.
Shee can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with
cleane hands.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with
your Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what
newes then in your paper?

La. The black'st newes that euer thou heard'st.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry,

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.
La. Oh illiterate loyterer: it was the sonne of thy
Grand-mother: this proues that thou canst not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and *S. Nicholas* be thy speed.

Sp. Inprimis she can milke.

La. I that she can.

Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Blessing of
your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, she can sowe.

La. That's as much as to say (*Can she sow?*)

Sp. Item she can knit.

La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,
When she can knit him a stocke?

Sp. Item, she can wash and scoure.

La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be
wash'd, and scowr'd.

Sp. Item, she can spin.

La. Then may I set the world on wheelles, when she
can spin for her liuing.

Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.

La. That's as much as to say *Bastard vertues*: that
indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no
names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her
breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-
fast: read on.

Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her soure breath.

Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her
talke.

Sp. Item, she is slow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;
To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue:

I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.

Sp. Item, she is proud.

La. Out with that too:

It was *Eues* legacie, and cannot be tane from her.

Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: because I loue crusts.

Sp. Item, she is curst.

La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not,
I will; for good things should be praised.

Sp. Item, she is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe
she is slow of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile
keepe shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that
cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more
faults then haire, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile haue her: she was mine, and not
mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that
once more.

Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The
couer of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more
then the salt; the haire that couers the wit, is more
then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's
next?

Sp. And more faults then haire,

La. That's monstrous: oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious:
Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is
impossible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies
for thee at the North gate.

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staied for a bet-
ter man then thee.

Sp. And must I goe to him?

La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staied so long,
that going will scarce serue the turne.

Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your loue
Letters.

La. Now wilt he be swing'd for reading my Letter;
An vnmanly slaue, that will thrust himselfe into se-
crets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctio. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, *Thurio*, *Prothem*.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that she will loue you
Now *Valentine* is banisht'd from her sight.

Th. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impress of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Dissolues to water, and doth loofe his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthlesse *Valentine* shall be forgot.
How now sir *Prothem*, is your countyman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.

Du. So I beleue: but *Thurio* thinks not so:

Prothem, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast showne some signe of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace,
Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect
The match betwene sir *Thurio*, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord.

Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. I, and peruersly, she perseuers so:

What might we doe to make the girl forget
The loue of *Valentine*, and loue sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is, to slander *Valentine*,
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore discent:

Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it.

Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Du. Then you must vndertake to slander him,

Pro.